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THE ROYAL GREENS: —OR, THE— SCOUT OF THE SUSQUEHANNA. A TALE OF WYOMING.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII. THE TRAITORS' REWARD.



and daring wings to fly to the standard borne aloft in the name of Freedom.

Could the brave men of whom we discoursed in the last chapter, have looked through the deep mantle of darkness that then obscured the horizon of liberty, and seen the future glory and strength of the land for which they were battling, methinks their gallant souls would have swelled with joy and pride, which not all their rough, earnest eloquence could express.

It was now proposed by the sturdy scout, that one of their number should cautiously approach the spot where Vansistine, and those who had been so unwise as to heed his counsel, were camping. No one being more competent to perform that service than Dunbar, he immediately left the ravine with that object in view. He was absent longer than Montour had expected, and feeling anxious on his account, he followed in the same direction. It was not long before he reached the spot, for the fire served as an unmistakable beacon to guide his steps.

Standing upon a rock, his person partially covered by the intervening trees and bushes and the smoke which the wind blew toward him, he was able to see without being himself seen by the dupes of tory cunning; who were disposed in various ways, with the intention of passing a quiet and comfortable night. They had spread their blankets around the fire, and most of those careless and simple ones were lying upon them; while a few appeared to be already asleep, and about an equal number sat talking, smoking or dozing.

Roland looked about for Vansistine, and finally discovered him on that side nearest where he (Montour) was standing and farthest from the fire. Presently the low murmur of voices ceased, and the poor fellows, tired out with the fatigues of the night, sunk to sleep with scarcely an exception. Prudence would have suggested a watch, but her voice was not heard, or if heard was unheeded. Among those who gave signs of being wakeful, were Vansistine and the person with whom he had talked so freely on the march concerning the impolicy of the measure. These individuals were still near neighbors, and occasionally Montour thought they whispered to each other.

The dull whings of sleep had not long fluttered over the encampment, when Vansistine raised himself to his elbow, yawning as if just awaking from sleep, and arose quite to his feet. Gazing at the slumbering ones as an instant, he touched his friend with the butt of his musket, when he also got up; then the two walked softly from the scene, and almost in a direct line for the spot where Roland was standing. To remain perfectly motionless was the best way of escaping discovery, and so he kept his position like a statue.

This expedient proved successful, and the traitors passed within three yards of him—thanks to the dense clouds of smoke and the sheltering foliage!

When they had proceeded so far beyond his hiding-place that their figures could with difficulty be discerned gliding spectre-like along amid the trees, Montour thought it his duty to follow them and attempt to unmask their purpose. He had gone not far when he saw the Delaware, manifestly engaged in a similar pursuit. He was on the point of speaking to him, when he was

spared that trouble, the Lenape being already conscious of his propinquity, as he speedily signified by a significant gesture, then pausing until Roland joined him.

"What did I tell my brother not many hours ago? Did I not say that their hearts were with the Iroquois, and their faces set against their brethren? Now you may cast your eyes yonder and see them creeping like slimy serpents towards the sworn foes of Wyoming," said Castanega.

"Let us hurry after them quickly!" returned Montour.

"And why should we follow the lying dogs?" "To discover their object," Roland answered.

"That is known already. If we go after them, it must be to strike them from existence," replied the Delaware.

"Come on—come on, or we shall be too late!" said another voice, and thereupon the tall form of Dunbar was seen walking swiftly on the track of the traitors.

"Tis very good!" exclaimed Castanega. "The days of the hollow hearts are counted by the Great Spirit."

Not much exertion or time was required by the parties to gain sight of the deserters again. They were following the bendings of the river, often stopping to listen, and scan, as far as they were able, the surface of the water, which now sparkled mildly and pleasantly in the moonlight. They were expecting momentarily to see the flotilla of the royalists and the Iroquois league.

"There's evidently an understanding" between 'em," said Dunbar. "It's plain enough to see that they're expectin' somethin' or somebody."

"Of their intentions there is not room for the shadow of a doubt," replied Montour.

"Then our duty is plain, and we can't pretend to misunderstand it," added the scout.

"I don't know that I exactly comprehend," resumed the young man.

"If you do not, here is one at my side as does most perfectly as I may say."

The Delaware made a motion toward his gun, and smiled grimly.

"It may be needful," said Montour.

"Then as we have left behind requiring it. Think of the pretty maidens in the valley, and the old men and young children, and then ask your heart if it is necessary that the traitors of their lives should suffer!" added the scout, with rough but honest zeal.

"I recall to mind the fair face of Hester Hammond," said Roland.

"And do you forget the sweet features of Ellen Devron?"

Something like a blush passed over the visage of Montour, and he was silent.

"There is Elvira Hudson, too—a sprightly and comely creature, and I might name a score of others equally claiming our pity. Now what is our duty as men—as men made stronger than these frail and pretty ones, by nature?"

"To defend them, to the death."

"I knew you would say so. Humanity and common decency, as 'twere, demands it of us. And possibly I may say without boasting, that we have tried to protect the people of the valley one and all. Have we not been wakeful when others slept? Have we not, my friend, been on the trail when others were on their beds, enjoying quiet sleep? Have we not dared what others shrank from, and slept beneath the open skies when those for whom we were exposin' ourselves were sheltered by comfortable roofs that kept off the rain and the damp dew? Can our consciences accuse us of inactivity and idleness?"

"Before the last July, I trow not, friend Dunbar. And this very day I heard the fair lips of Hester Hammond declare, that David Dunbar had done all that mortal could do to prevent the destruction of Wyoming."

"Did that pretty creature really say that?" asked the scout, pausing and laying his great hand on Montour's shoulder.

"Dunbar, you know full well that when I speak, you hear the voice of one who would not deceive you for his right hand. Miss Hammond

said those words when you were leaving the cabin."

"Heaven bless her, I say—heaven bless her in the manner she deserves!"

"Don't be down-hearted about it, Dunbar—that girl is too good not to be sensible of your merits."

"May God forgive you, friend Roland, for speakin' in that way to me! You know very well that I am a presumptuous man, and never expected any favor from that quarter. In fact I may say that I care no more for the maiden than I do for handsome Ellen Devron, or any other girl."

"My worthy Dunbar, it's no disgrace to love a comely and virtuous damsel, and the brave ever deserve the fair."

"It is not at all likely that my coarse nature is capable of feelin' what you call love—it isn't, in fact, no ways reasonable to think so; and yet," added the scout, pausing, "if I was susceptible of that emotion, as 'twere, I know that the beauty and goodness of Hester Hammond would—would produce it, although it would be the most hopeless passion in the world."

"Don't be too sure of that; for it is not impossible that you are over modest, and rather blind, widal!"

"I know that it's an easy thing to be mistaken about matters ordinarily, in this world; but the subject you're talkin' of is somethin' different."

This conversation took place while the parties were halting, waiting for those whom they were watching to go on again; for the latter had stopped at a bend and were turning many a wistful glance up the river.

"My white brothers talk much, but not of what is before them!" said the Delaware.

"But the conversation naturally led to what has been said, for in trying to reconcile our consciences to what is afore us, we were carried back, as I may say, to those as are our friends and neighbors, and in whom we, as human creatures, feel an interest; otherwise than that, I hold that the talk, as you call it, is to the pint, and on the whole calculated to help us do our duty by 'em, like men. But now we'll waste no more time in words. The truth is, we all feel that those two men ought to be disposed of, so they would do no more mischief; the question is who they will do it."

"It seems to me that my brother's heart is softening, and he is becoming a squaw! Why should his voice grow serious when a couple of false dogs are to die? Come, be a man. Time is flyin', and soon the shouts of the Iroquois will be heard on the borders of the valley, where dwell the handsome squaws that you love," added Castanega.

"The reproach is, in some respects, merited, but not wholly; for you must remember, Delaware, that the nature of a red man and a white isn't the same, and they don't all act from the same motive. It's probable that the Master of Life has made everything as it should be, and for the best; but there it is, and can't be disputed, that the two races are at enmity in disposition. In some respects I don't feel it no disgrace to be like a woman—for instance havin' a pure mind, and a heart ready to melt at the thought of the sufferin' of others—yet when it comes to action, why I'm somethin' different, I fancy. Now your nation has been called women by the—"

"Hush!" said Montour, pulling his friend by the sleeve in time to prevent the conclusion of the sentence. "Some telltale breeze may carry the sound of our voice yonder. Decide what you will do quickly, that we may return to our friends, who will be alarmed at our very long absence."

"We will go on and get rather nearer. It isn't best to risk a long shot when so much depends on it. Now creep softly, Roland, and as for the Delaware, in course I needn't trouble myself to caution him, for silence has been his second nature."

Vansistine and his companion continued standing by the water. The spot they occupied was comparatively free from trees of a very large size, and even the shrubbery was not redundant in growth; but directly behind them a hill arose precipitously steep, casting over them a dark and misty shadow, making their figures appear in the distance indistinct, grim and spectre-like. Although our friends were within rifle range, under ordinary circumstances, without the disadvantages mentioned, and as matters were, it was far from easy to look through the delicate sights and see such vague, ill-defined objects. Gazing along close to the water, they hoped to lessen the distance and gain a point where the shadow of the back-ground would affect them less. After much effort, and running some risk of discovery by their movements, they reached a large rock, behind which they could stand, and over which they could look and see Vansistine and his companion, but still

obscured by the misty veil thrown forward by the hill.

The scout paused an instant; something like a sigh of regret escaped him, and then making a motion to the Delaware, he raised his long rifle. The breach had nearly pressed his shoulder, when again a feeling of irresolution or compunction appeared to arrest his hand, and he let the weapon drop gently to the earth.

"It isn't because I'm a coward, Delaware. O, by no means! but—but, red-man, they're my countrymen, and it goes agin my feelin's to lift my hand for their hurt."

"Give them the power and the sanguinary Iroquois are not half so cruel," replied Montour, in the same voice.

"Enough! enough!" said the Delaware.

"I'm ready."

"I hear the sound of oars or paddles," added the scout.

The Lenape laid his finger upon his lips to admonish them to silence, and bent his head to listen. For a period of some seconds the parties stood like figures of stone.

"They come—they come!" whispered the chief—the king's men and the Iroquois!"

"And the valley of Wyoming approaches the hour of its bloody baptism!" said Roland.

Dunbar passed his hand over his forehead, and an expression of sadness, deep and palpable, played upon his sun-burned face.

"What now ought to be done?" anxiously inquired Montour.

"Wait," returned the Delaware, "wait till they sweep round the bend into sight, that we may see how many."

"Good advice—but these two men musn't on no account escape," added the scout.

The sounds grew more audible momentarily, and in five minutes the foremost of the boats shot round the bend; they were filled with men in green uniform.

"The Royal Greens," said Dunbar.

"And here come some of the Senecas and the Onondagas," added Castanega.

"Halloo! this way!" cried Vansistine, addressing one of the boats.

"Who the deuce are you? What's wanted?" was the curt reply.

"We are men, royal and true; and a fine job we've got for you a short distance from here."

"Well, what may it be, lads?"

"A nest of rebels fast asleep, to be made into mince-meat by Butler's Rangers."

"Betrayed, are they?"

"Like simple sheep," said Vansistine.

"Then we will go and shear them—and close, too!"

"There?" hissed Dunbar, "my feelin's of humanity are gone. Delaware, take the one on the right, and I'll do for the other. The Lord have mercy on 'em!"

This time Dunbar's rifle went briskly to his shoulder, and his keen, gray eyes seemed to travel along the barrel with right good will. Montour could see, by the moonbeams, that his honest-looking face was flushed with indignation, and that his whole expression was as eager and resolute as it had been hesitating, undecided and sympathizing a brief space before. He saw the leveled rifle with no emotions of pity; that sentiment had given place to another. Were miscreants, who betrayed their nearest neighbors without compunction, worthy the commission of honorable men, however hard their fate?

Montour kept his eyes on the two men. The Delaware and the scout fired. Vansistine dropped down where he stood; but the other staggered and ran into the river. Roland's rifle sprang to his face with inconceivable quickness, and its sharp, deadly voice was reverberating through the hills in a series of whiplike detonations. The tory fell forward against the bows of the boat; the men drew him in, but he did not stir; they glanced at his head—saw the wound, and pushed the inanimate body into the river.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FATE OF FORT WINTERMOOT.

DUNBAR and his companions did not tarry to see more; but with their possible speed retraced their steps to the ravine, where they had left their men, and who were now awaiting their return with some degree of impatience and uneasiness, while the flotilla swept on.

"Now, my friends," said Roland, "is the time to assert your claim to manhood, and that courage which is its true test. Follow us, and we will show you that we were not mistaken when we asserted that our foes were descending the Susquehanna to make a grand demonstration upon Wyoming. The man Vansistine, who created a division among us, and well nigh thwarted our purposes (with his no less deceitful companion), has gone to his reward."

The men of the valley turned their faces earnestly toward Montour, for an explanation.

"When sleep had closed the eyes and locked the senses of their comrades and neighbors, Vansistine and his friend stole away and left them, left them to meet the forces of Butler, which are now floating down yonder water. We followed them—saw them watching for our foes, heard them hail the rangers—and—and you heard, doubtless, the report of our rifles! That finishes my story."

The men grasped their weapons firmly, and demanded to be led against the enemy. The Delawares and the Oneidas gathered about Castanega, and soon the party was in motion. They hastened forward, but before they reached the Susquehanna they heard a deafening volley of musketry, followed by cries of terror and groans of pain.

"Our deluded neighbors are suffering for their folly," said Devron.

"Not with a good grace can they claim our sympathy," answered Lawson.

"And yet," added the other, "we will not refuse it."

"Nor an arm to help them," resumed Lawson.

"Haste, friends! haste!" cried Dunbar, in a resolute voice.

There was little need now to admonish them to speed in their movements. If they had, perchance, felt any want of confidence in their leaders previously, it was at that moment fully restored. That Montour and the scout knew all that they had professed, was at that juncture sufficiently evident; and that they possessed of any doubt that their conduct might have implied during the night, they resolved to atone for the same by their obedience in future, and their bravery at that time.

Before they reached the river they were met by several fugitives, who, mistaking them for a detachment of the enemy, fell upon their knees, and begged stoutly for mercy.

"Up, fools!" exclaimed Dunbar; "up, and show yourselves men and not cowards."

Some of the flying ones, as soon as they saw how matters really were, fell in with the men, and looking very penitent and sheepish, kept on with them; while others fled like persons deprived of their senses.

Arrived at the river, below the spot where the fire had been kindled, Montour and the scout arranged their somewhat motley army in the way that would best enable them to pour effectual volleys upon the enemy when the boats should pass. The firing above them soon ceased; for those who were not slain or wounded at the first discharge, fled with all practicable speed in various directions. Bitterly, when it was too late, did they regret their folly, obstinacy, jealousy and mutiny against the authority of those whom they well knew could have no incentive to deceive or lead them wantonly into danger. Those who had run off in an opposite course, would have given all their possessions at the valley, for a single glimpse of the tall figure of the scout, with his calm, honest features. The few who had been so fortunate as to meet the advancing whips and natives, said not a word, asked not a question, but with downcast eyes and glowing cheeks dropped into the ranks. No one reproached, for feeling conscious of their fatal error, and that it had cost several lives, they were sufficiently rebuked.

There followed a short period of silence, broken soon by the sound of paddles and oars in motion. The strange flotilla drew in sight, presenting a startling spectacle to the dwellers in the valley—men, however bold they might be in the hour of actual combat, were undisciplined and unused to seeing their enemies in such large numbers. The Indians of the league were seen in all their war-paint, dark, grim and horrible, skimming lightly over the water in their canoes; while the Royal Greens in bateaux, made up the rest of the unpleasant show.

The whole of this fleet could not be taken in at a single glance of the eye, for it extended up the river a considerable distance.

"What do you think of their numbers?" Lawson asked of the scout.

"I should set them down at a thousand," was the reply.

"A thousand men!" exclaimed Devron.

"Alas, who will protect my child?"

"Fear not," said Roland. "There are hands that will not be forgetful of the needs of the helpless and the fair, among us."

"Observe," added Lawson to Montour, "how grim and terrible those dusky warriors look in the pale moonlight."

"I am thinking," resumed Devron, sorrowfully, "where their war-cries will be heard to-morrow, how many hearts they will fill with despair, how many hearts they will freeze with fear. If I were alone in the world, much less should I heed this visitation—much less should I dread the shock of the storm; but, friend Dunbar, I have a dearly loved daughter."

"And a fair one the is, and you may well be proud of her," responded the scout.

The conversation now wholly ceased, for the moment of action had arrived. Concealed as they were in the bushes and shrubbery, the enemy were wholly ignorant of their nearness, and consequently not anticipating the results of such proximity.

Stepping to a position where he could be seen by those who were not confessed his authority, Dunbar waved his hand (which was the signal agreed upon), and the mountain ranges resounded to the rattle and crash of musketry, and the loud war-whoops of savages suddenly started from a sense of security by the whistling of the deadly bullet and the fall of companions seated at their side.

The whigs and their few faithful allies then leaped and fired as rapidly as possible, without waiting for any particular orders. When Butler's army had somewhat recovered from the first effects of the surprise, the fire was returned at random without much success, because their shots were sent after foes whom they could not see, and if one was wounded, it was only by chance. Knowing by the nature of the attack, and the firing, that the assailants were but few in number, the colonel commanded a strong detachment of his rangers to land and force the audacious handful of rebels from their position; but by the time the first boat had touched the bank, the objects of their vengeance were retreating toward the valley, knowing that to resist such overwhelming odds would be in vain, and result in a needless waste of life.

Battled in this purpose, it only remained for the royalists to smother their anger and float down the stream as before.

There was no lagging, and every one did his best to reach the valley before the enemy. Just as the sun was rising they came in sight of Wintermoot's stockade. Near it was a cabin in which a fire was blazing upon the hearth. Montour rushed into the dwelling, seized a glowing brand, and shouting to the others to follow, ran toward the obnoxious fort and applied the burning wood in several places. Instantly the timber ignited, the red flames leaped rapidly up the palisades, and the works were soon sheathed with liquid fire. Those who had garrisoned the stockade, fled at the approach of the whigs, and just in the border of the forest looked back and saw their stronghold crumbling to ashes.

The flames darted up fiercely against the sky, casting an unnatural glare far down the valley and along the opposite side.

"Many's the time I've wanted to see such a sight as this," said Dunbar, as they moved on.

"And now," said Lawson, speaking to Roland, "we must prepare for the great trial of to-day." The returning patriots were met at Fort Fort by many anxious faces; and many voices inquired concerning the night's adventures, which had been heard but the day before scorning the idea of danger. The alarms which had so often been sounded were at that juncture fully realized, and the most incredulous and deceived among them could no longer doubt.

We shall not dwell minutely on the preparations that were made to repel the invaders. All capable of bearing arms assembled at Fort Fort. Fly they could not, even had they been disposed to do so, although to their credit be it written, there was no disposition to act such a craven part when the conviction that the foe was at hand became general. The militia turned out, and under the command of Colonel Zebulon Butler (so called of Colonel John), Lieutenant Colonel Dorrance, Major Garratt, and Colonel Denison, made ready to give battle to the royalists.

As we have not mentioned the names of these officers before, or referred to them as making efforts for the protection of the valley, it is incumbent on us to remark that they had been about on active service in the continental army, and had returned the day previous, and others that very morning; hence the reason that those gallant men have not been spoken of.

On that eventful morning a council of war was called to decide upon what course of action the exigency required. Colonel Zebulon Butler was in favor of an immediate attack, and when there had been considerable discussion pro and con, the opinion of Dunbar was asked.

"Whether we had better march out and give 'em battle, depends altogether upon circumstances," said Dunbar. "If there's any reason to expect reinforcements from General Washington, I should say it would be better to shut ourselves up in the fort and wait. But it's probable that you are better acquainted with these matters than I am. Unless we can take the Tories by surprise, I don't think the chances of success are very great."

"These are my own views," replied Colonel Dorrance. "If we had the ability to surprise our wily foes, we might hope to win the day." "I trusted that we might be able to do that," returned Colonel Butler, "for they do not anticipate an attack from us. They have encamped not far above the ruins of Wintermoot's stockade, as you know, and are regaling themselves. I dare say, on the best terms they can find."

"Come, Mr. Montour, do you think that I should like to know the opinion of one of whom I have heard so many flattering things during the two hours I have been at Fort Fort," said Major Garratt, turning to Roland.

An ingenious blush passed over the young man's face, for he observed that the eyes of all the officers were directed toward him. He quickly regained his self-control, and replied with befitting modesty:

"That his opinion was probably worth but little when compared with that of veteran officers who had seen much service; but still were he to express his sentiments freely, he should say that the hazard of offering battle was great, because they had no better troops oppose the regular soldiery of the royal army. They could not display in the field over four hundred men to battle with a thousand strong. Again, their force, consisting, as it did, of old men and mere striplings, would very probably be dismayed by the shouts and terrific arts of six hundred savages and their hideous war-paint-experience-

of braves who could fight skillfully behind bushes, stones and trees, and, creeping like serpents, or running like moose, outflank their untutored militia."

"Very sensibly spoken," exclaimed Colonel Dorrance.

"It would be prudent, before making any party, to send forward a small scouting party," returned Zebulon Butler.

This was certainly a very reasonable suggestion, and Dunbar was selected as the person best fitted for this service. It was a duty he was well qualified to perform, and he proceeded very calmly to the discharge of the same. Passing the smouldering timbers of Fort Wintermoot, and advancing under cover as much as possible, he was soon able to get a very good view of the enemy's camp. They were at dinner, and gave evidence of being in the best of spirits. In surveying the motley groups engaged in that agreeable occupation, his eyes rested on Lanaway, Wintermoot and Martin Secord. The spectacle made his blood tingle with indignation, and casting a wistful look at his rifle, he regretted that he could not use it in a manner which justice demanded. Nor were the individuals whom we have named the only ones whom the scout recognized. He saw many who had once professed to be whigs, and who had freely expressed their hypocritical opinions when the patriots were consulting each other for the mutual good, and given advice which had served, as he could now see, to increase the apathetic indifference of the less shrewd.

"Heartless men!" mused Dunbar. "How can they rejoice and be merry at the thought of so much suffering as their wicked treachery will produce?"

Wintermoot was talking earnestly with his companions, and the scout felt a strong desire to get near enough to hear the conversation. Fortunately for him, the Senecas (who were under the command of Gi-en-qua-tah) were encamped beyond the Tories, between them and the woods, and this circumstance lessened the chances of discovery; because the ears of an Indian are more ready to hear the light movements of an enemy, and their eyes quicker to detect the presence of an unwelcome lurker.

Dunbar crept nearer and still nearer, until the voices of the royalists were audible. He fancied he heard the name of Hester Hammond uttered in a contemptuous tone, and that increased his desire to hear more. Slowly he advanced. Lanaway was speaking, and the following words greeted his ears, which were obviously in reply to some remark made by another party.

"It hadn't been for the black fellow, we should have done very well."

"Our success would have been certain," responded Martin, helping himself plentifully to the table.

"The darkey struck uncommonly hard!" added the other.

"There is one thing I will tend to console you," said Wintermoot, with a laugh. "You suffered for the sake of beauty; although without increasing your own personal good looks."

To be sure I have got a black eye, but time will wash that out," Lanaway replied.

"And I," resumed Martin, "have not only a black-and-blue eye, but a bruised and discolored ear; and while we are speaking of the subject, I will remark that I was once kicked by a young colt, and knocked into a heap (metaphorically); but that was a mere trifle to the blow that the nigger dealt me yesterday. But I've chalked it down, boys, against him, and hope to square the account with the day of reckoning."

"I also," said Wintermoot, moodily, "have an account to adjust with a certain person, which I trust will be duly cancelled."

"How cancelled?" inquired Martin, with a sinister smile.

"With blood!" rejoined Wintermoot, fiercely.

"And who may that man be?"

"David Dunbar," Lanaway replied.

"The scout of the Susquehanna!" exclaimed Martin, with a start.

"The same."

"And right well I know him; I have also a score set down to his debt which must be looked to sooner or later," added Martin.

"There are one or two others of the same ilk, who have done us much harm," Lanaway observed.

"Name them; though there is small need of it for I presume we all know who you mean," Wintermoot responded.

"Montour, and a stranger, who hovers about the valley, appearing at different times and places, and has frequently been seen with the young fellow I have mentioned," said Lanaway.

"I have heard his name; he is called Lawson," resumed Wintermoot.

"I heard the Seneca chief talking of him to-day; he has learned that it was through Lawson's agency that Montour made his escape after he was captured by him," continued Martin.

"Then he married a plain white maid. It was Colonel Butler's intention that both Montour and Dunbar should be put out of the way, for they were, figuratively speaking, the eyes of the valley, and nothing could be done without their getting knowledge of it. Often have they escaped death as if by miracle. Experienced warriors have been on their trail—they have been dogged night and day, and fired at by marksmen considered skilful; but, as you are aware, the two obnoxious persons are still in existence," said Lanaway.

"I have ascertained, Lanaway, that you had possibly, some uncomfortable feelings of jealousy in connection with Roland Montour?" added Wintermoot, with a covert smile.

"Perhaps I have, but that concerns only myself; but I have seriously supposed at times, that you were terribly jealous of that David Dunbar."

An angry scowl contracted the forehead of the scout, and he uttered some kind of an imprecation which the scout could not hear.

"Jealous of such a dull fellow?" he exclaimed, after a pause. "Hester Hammond cares little for the like of him."

"That's the only true thing you've spoken this long time," thought Dunbar, whose extreme

modesty would not for an instant allow him to imagine that he had excited a tender sentiment in the heart of the fair Quakeress.

Some conversation then ensued relating more especially to the respective maidens for whom they professed to feel a friendship of so peculiar and lasting a nature, and which the scout did not deem it prudent to wait to hear. The names of Ellen and Elvira Hudson were the last words that the winds wafted after him as he crept away.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BATTLE.

Dunbar flattered himself that the most critical part of his task was accomplished, when Gi-en-qua-tah, attended by three or four of his warriors (who had been reconnoitering) approached in that direction and came suddenly upon him. He sprang from the ground, knocked one of them down and would have escaped, had not Gi-en-qua-tah and the other two braves thrown themselves upon him with the agility of panthers. The scout bestirred himself like a man, and putting forth his herculean strength, attempted to shake off his adversaries, and as much as the chances were against him would possibly even then have succeeded in his purpose, had not the gun of one of the Indians been fired in the scuffle, attracting instantly the attention of the Tories, a party of whom ran to the spot (among whom were Wintermoot, Lanaway and Secord), who immediately decided the matter. His arms were pinioned by the Seneca chief, and he whose limbs but a few moments before were free, was now a prisoner.

Wintermoot approached and touching the scout upon the arm, testified his pleasure at seeing him in such a situation by a loud laugh, which had in it something unnatural and disquieting. Martin Secord, after looking at the quiet face of Dunbar a moment, proposed that he should be instantly put to death.

"I don't expect nothing" different from that at your hands," said Dunbar. "Although not long ago I had in my power, and a sufficient reason for making you an enemy, as 'twere, I didn't take advantage of the circumstance out of merciful considerations. But I didn't suppose you'd remember such a thing to return it in kind, and you see I'm disappointed in them respects."

"Your course is pretty near run, I take it," said Wintermoot.

"Perhaps it is, but every man's time comes sooner or later ready for it. Few of us, I reckon, will be found prepared for such a wondrous chance. But I've done my duty, and have nothing to be afraid of in that respect. I've loved my country, and I fancy I'll dispose of me as he pleases," Dunbar remarked, for he observed that the Seneca chief was not pleased with what had been said.

"We shall decide that," resumed Wintermoot, grasping the scout by the shoulder with the intention of dragging him away to a spot convenient for the execution of his threat. But he had reckoned too highly on his power. Gi-en-qua-tah quickly interrupted his authority.

"This captive was not taken by the pale face!" he angrily exclaimed, disengaging the hand of the Tory with a sudden movement. Wintermoot resented this unexpected interference, and, in the first heat of passion, drew a pistol from his belt, in which act he was imitated at once by his two friends. Gi-en-qua-tah and his braves clutched their tomahawks, and for a moment there was a fair prospect of a serious combat; but Butler opportunely reached the spot at that crisis, and sternly rebuked Wintermoot for provoking the Seneca's ire. The pistols went back to their places, instantly, and the warriors of the league looked on at those who had overstepped their legitimate bounds, and attempted to violate established usages.

"This then is David Dunbar, the scout, of whose cunning I have heard so many extravagant things? My red brother has done well," said the colonel.

"The eyes of the Senecas are always open," returned He-who-goes in the smoke.

"They are the boldest of the Troquois," added Butler.

"And the Oneidas are squaws," returned the chief.

"Yes, they are women, and do not know their own minds."

"Some of them are yonder in the big fort of our enemies."

"I expected it, and have long been in doubt of them; but the Senecas and Oneidas are full-grown men, with hearts like buffaloes, and swift of foot as the wild moose."

Gi-en-qua-tah heard these complimentary sayings without changing a muscle of his face.

"My young braves are thirsting for blood," he replied.

"They shall soon have it—it shall run like water."

"And will God have mercy on the souls of them as cause it to be poured out!" exclaimed Dunbar.

"I have heard of you, sir. How many fighting men are there at Fort Fort?" said the colonel.

"You may have heard of me, but it's plain you don't know me," answered the scout. "No man as brave as me would ask such a question as that!"

Butler mused a moment, playing meanwhile with the hilt of his sword.

"Come, my good fellow, tell me what kind of a turn-out they will make?" he asked.

"Enough to make a bloody field—enough to send some of your villas home to their fathers, the great price of the powers of darkness," moodily rejoined the scout.

"We have a game fellow here, surely. Seneca, you must keep your eyes on him."

"I would suggest, your honor, that he be hanged at once," said Martin Secord, touching his cap.

"When I want your advice, I'll ask it!" replied the colonel, sternly, and Martin slunk away behind Wintermoot.

"I wish to brave a man could have been enlisted on the right side," resumed Butler, glancing at Dunbar.

"Then you've got your wish!" exclaimed the scout.

"If you could be made to see what is for your interest, those bonds might be severed."

"I'd rather wear 'em than change my sentiments. It was born in me to be almost in whatever I undertake, and I can't be otherwise."

"Well, if you rather die a rebel than live a loyalist, have your own way; but I didn't know but you might think your life worth saving."

"Not the price you name, or rather at the price you hint at. I'll submit to my fate the best way I can, and hope you'll be able when you're called for, to go with as clear a conscience; but you've shed too much innocent blood to hope for any peace in the hour of death. It's a pity you hadn't given up life in infancy afore you'd well begun it, so that you might have spared the infancy which will allers cling to your memory, and cure your name as long as the history of these trying times shall endure."

The Tory leader, whose career is now read with horror, gazed at the glowing face of the scout an instant, and then spoke with the Indian in a low but excited voice. Dunbar saw the chief shake his head and frown, and then the colonel walked away with a lowering brow.

Gi-en-qua-tah motioned for his prisoner to follow, and proceeded to the place where his warriors were feasting. There was a small deserted cabin near, into which Dunbar was conducted. His limbs were then more securely bound, and he was left the sole occupant of the dwelling, a guard of warriors being duly placed without to prevent the escape of a captive of so much importance. He did not gather any hope of being spared through the clemency of his captors, because he had perceived Wintermoot and his associates from gratifying their malice on the spot, by adding murder to their other crimes. Too well was he acquainted with savage habits and usages long sanctioned among the aborigines, to entertain such fallacious views. That he was reserved for a death less easy, he was not so obtuse as not to perceive. His sanguinary conqueror wished to submit him to those terrible ordeals which were well calculated to shake the strongest heart with fear.

With that philosophy which he had learned from nature more than from books, he endeavored to reconcile himself to a situation from which there now appeared no way of escape. He thought of Hester Hammond, and wondered what would be her fate when the tide of battle swept down the valley. Who would fly to save her when all was lost—when the young man and the old who were now making ready to do their best, lay stretched, wounded or lifeless, upon the fields of Wyoming? Her father and brother would both be in the conflict about to ensue, and if they should fall—Dunbar shuddered, and devoutly wished he could think of some subject more comforting; but the painful theme was forced upon him, and could not be dismissed.

Leaving our friend in the most unpleasant dilemma, we will note the fortunes of other parties concerned in these events.

Wearily and fearfully passed the hours at Mr. Hudson's cabin. Fair and anxious ones waited in dread suspense to hear the sound of martial combat. Many of the women and children had taken refuge at Fort Fort, but the inmates of the dwelling we have named, preferred to remain at home and abide the issue there. If their main and abiding the issue there. If their main and abiding the issue there. If their main and abiding the issue there.

Defenders proved victorious, it would make but little difference whether they were at the cabin or the fort, and if they were vanquished, they argued that they could meet their fate there as well as at any other place. Not a single male protector remained with them—all had gone to meet the foe.

This Ellen Devron thought of her father was very natural; nor may it be deemed unaccountably more than once she permitted her mind to dwell upon Roland Montour. Once during the day he had passed the cabin, passed a few moments at the door to exchange a few words with her father and Cato. He had seen and recognized her with the common salutations of the day; but by some means the gentle maiden received the impression that his voice took on a different tone—was modulated to a softer cadence when he addressed her. He had also, she imagined, changed color, and manifested some confusion; and Miss Hudson averred that his eyes had followed the pretty figure of her friend Ellen, with evident pleasure. This she whispered to the damsel the moment Montour had departed, thereby causing her face to become suddenly suffused. It is not improbable that Ellen resented the maternal girl, by easily reference to Edward Gaston, though of this we have no positive knowledge; but it is quite certain that if aught could be said by either party calculated to excite a smile and produce a momentary forgetfulness of their perilous situation, it was not left unspoken.

The sun of the third of July, 1778, passed the meridian, and his rays poured down brightly upon the valley. The green grain, just up, waved in the soft summer air; the grass undulated upon the beautiful meadows, and the spring flowers nodded in the pleasant warmth; the leaves trembled to the gladdening light, and the waters murmured musically through the lovely valley.

On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming! All things were in the most beautiful order. And noxious houses, a sad remembrance bring of what they gentle people could befall. Yet then wert one the loveliest land of all. Then see the Atlantic waves their more restorer."

Ellen and Elvira stood at the door of the cabin, and looked upon each familiar scene of that earthly paradise, and while they gazed, inhaled the perfumed zephyrs, and listened to the cheerful notes of innumerable birds, they tried to think that the tales they had heard of war and danger were but idle dreams of the night, and that amid that rural seclusion,

"The happy shepherd swain had sought to do But find their flocks on green declivities, Or him who sought the hills with light canoe."

Recalled from the momentary abstraction, the maidens turned their anxious faces up the river. "The valley smiles beautifully to-day, in its loveliness," said Elvira.

"Yes, but methinks there is an awful stillness in the air."

"No, Ellen, here comes a gentle little zephyr to stir your slugs."

"But I mean that there is something terribly oppressive in the atmosphere, despite all its fragrance. The sky seems to bend over the valley with a brassy, fiery fixity that awes my spirit," said Ellen.

Elvira shuddered and again threw anxious glances up the river.

"Do you hear, sister, my children?" asked Mrs. Hudson, coming to the door.

"Not a sound to indicate that the battle has commenced," replied Elvira.

"Put up prayers to the God of armies, children," added Mrs. Hudson, in a voice low and tremulous.

The good lady had scarcely ceased speaking, when the roll and rattle and roar of musketry, in rapid and continuous volleys, reached their expectant ears.

"The dreadful work has begun!" exclaimed Mrs. Hudson. "Husbands and fathers, brothers and lovers are now being swept away by the demon of war. Heaven only knows how many that are dear to us are being prostrated by those fearful volleys!"

Soon a dense volume of smoke arose, and gradually expanding, hung over the valley like a thunder-cloud of three-fold blackness. The air, recently so odorless with the breath of flowers, became impregnated with sulphurous fumes. With clasped hands and parted lips, the maidens continued to strain their eyes toward the scene of tumult, and listen to the heavy volleys that were sending hundreds of souls to the world eternal.

"It seems to me," said Ellen, "that the firing grows more distinct."

"Then they must be retreating," returned Elvira.

Ellen did not ask who were retreating, for she knew if their friends were the victors, the battle would roll from them and up the valley toward Lancaster.

Now we will approach the scene of conflict, note the disposition of the Americans and the conduct of our hero. When the hastily raised and ill-armed army reached the place where the battle was fought, they found the rangers and Indians drawn up in line, and ready to receive them. The command of the left was entrusted to Colonel Denison, and Hester Hammond in person, aided by Major Garratt. Opposed to the latter, were the Rangers and Greens, commanded by Colonel John Butler. The enemy's right was led by Gi-en-qua-tah, and consisted mostly of Senecas.

The Delaware chief and his warriors were on the left, and Montour was also in that division of the army. When the action commenced Roland looked for Lawson, but he was not to be seen; in a few minutes after he saw him approaching through the thickest of the fight, where the bullets were flying like hailstones.

"The scout is a prisoner," he said, advancing to our hero's side. The words fell heavily on Montour's heart.

"By whom was he taken?" he asked.

"By the Seneca chief, who is fighting like a fiend yonder, and whose war cry rises loudly above all others on the field."

"Then there is hope for him," returned Roland.

"A forlorn one, at best."

"He must be rescued," added Montour, wiping the smoke and powder from his face.

"That is more easily said than done," said Lawson, dully.

"But I shall try it, nevertheless, though it cost me the best blood in my body. I cannot rest while my friend lies bound like a dog, awaiting the pangs of a direful death. You are a brave man, sir—may I not rely on your aid?"

"Consult your Delaware, and I will abide by the result; I place much reliance upon his judgment," Lawson answered.

"Have you been long acquainted with him?" asked Roland, with a strong feeling of curiosity.

"I knew him when he was but a child, but that was long ago." Montour looked earnestly at Lawson, and then advanced toward the spot where he heard the shout of the Leni Lenape.

He saw men and youth falling on every side of him, and the ranks of the Americans momentarily growing thinner. He spoke words of cheer as he passed along, and encouraged them with hopes which he was far from feeling. On a little grassy knoll he saw the body of a boy with bright flaxen hair, lying beside the mutilated corpse of an old man, whose head was white as the snows of winter.

CHAPTER XVI.

INCIDENTS OF THE CONFLICT.

MONTOUR moved on, and Lawson walked at his side. A few yards to his right he saw a lad intently watching a bush, and while he was yet observing him, a Seneca cautiously put forth his head to select another victim, when the youthful warrior shot him.

"Braveboy! braveboy!" exclaimed Lawson.

"Yes, all but to-day," returned Roland. A little further on, he saw a wounded man sitting upon the grass, trying to staunch the bleeding from a wound in his arm, and threw him his handkerchief to assist him in his purpose.

"I thank you," he said; "I am earnest to join the battle again."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]
THE INDIAN'S FAREWELL.

BY MISS SARAH E. DAVIS.

methinks I now hear the forest's sad moan,
As the last of my race, I am standing alone;
No loved one is left, as I gaze on the plain,
Where we've hunted the deer, or danced o'er the slain.
I bid thee farewell, my own native land,
Where I've reigned a proud warrior, the chief of my band.

Farewell to thee, now, with thy wavelets of blue,
Thou swift rolling stream, where I've sailed my canoe;
No more shall I bathe in thy waters so clear,
Thy murmurs so sweet, no more shall I hear.
I go far away where the ocean waves swell—
My own native stream, I bid thee farewell.

Farewell, thou lone mount, with thy mantle of snow—
The Great Spirit formed thee his altar below;
No more on thy side shall I chase the wild deer,
Thy echoes no more shall sound on my ear.
I leave thee in sorrow, for scenes that are new—
Once more, thou lone mountain, I bid thee adieu.

I leave thee, loved spot, for a far distant shore,
To make my last home where the sun billows roar;
Thou grave of my fathers, thou native home,
A stranger from this hour, henceforth I must roam.
O, why does my heart with such wild sorrow swell,
As I bid thee, forever, a mournful farewell!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE CASTLE AND CRUCIBLE.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CRUCIBLE.

MICHAEL SCHWARTZ sat before his crucible, and with a heavy hammer pelted he pounded up together a quantity of materials. The chamber which he occupied was situated in an upper story of a house in Heidelberg. It was small, and around its walls were hung many mysterious instruments. There were jars of grotesque shape, and strange utensils—there were retorts and stills, mortars and furnaces. These were all arranged loosely, and in some places all mingled in confusion. A brazier filled with burning coals stood upon a tripod beside him, and over it hung a vessel in which some substance was heating.

The adept himself was a venerable looking man. His head was covered with hoary hair, and his snow-white beard descending to his girdle, gave him an air that inspired every beholder with awe. His dress was a long garment thrown loosely about him, and a strange cap was placed about his head.

In another part of the chamber sat a young man not more than twenty-five years of age. He was also dressed in a gown similar to that of the alchemist, but his face and form spoke of one who had braved many dangers, and was still capable of meeting any with fortitude. He was poring over a strange manuscript, written in times long past, with mysterious figures marked along the margin. After a while he impatiently threw it down.

"Schwartz," said he, with the air of one used to command, "what is the use of all this? why need the adepts,—if there be anything valuable in their knowledge—to lock it up in such mysterious writings?"

"Ah, son," said the other, calmly, "it is on account of its value that we take such pains to conceal our knowledge from the evil genius, or careless eye. When you have a jewel, you do not show it everywhere, but keep it safely, and expose it only to the few who can admire it."

"Very well—but where is the *elixir vite*, and where is the philosopher's stone? For ages it has been sought after."

"We must still seek patiently for the great *arcum*. Some have wandered near to it. I think I hope—that there is one who, before he dies, will find it."

"What! Can you hope it?"

"I have discovered things as wonderful."

"As wonderful as the *elixir vite*?"

"What would you say were you to see water burning, or if you should see air consumed? What would you say if I were to cut off your leg or the leg of an animal, without any pain to the subject?"

"Impossible! water and air burning?"

"We keep these things secret. I have found many myself. I tell them to none but a few who can also keep them. Besides, of what value are these, to the grand mystery of all?"

"If you can do all that you have said, then I may almost believe in the grand mystery. But I cannot believe it—water burn? impossible!"

"I can, with a few grains of black sand, make thunder and lightning, which would blow this house in which we are, to a thousand pieces."

"You? a man? you make thunder and lightning?"

"I can," replied Schwartz, with the same unperturbed calmness. "I am the first who found out secrets. But if you wish, I will satisfy your curiosity. Be attentive, Albert, and your wonder will be aroused."

So saying, he took down a jar from one of the shelves, which was tightly sealed.

"What is in it?"

"Nothing. Feel it—shake it. It is full of air. Watch while I take out the stopper."

He took it out, and turned the jar. Nothing came out. Albert saw nothing; but a moment after Schwartz passed a lighted brand through the eyes of Albert; and a vivid flash blinded the air which he breathed, had turned to fire with a hideous explosion.

"See—the air can be consumed! Now look at this!" said Schwartz, taking another jar that was filled with liquid. "What would you say if I were to burn it?"

"Burn it? Impossible!"

Schwartz touched it with a brand, and instantly it flamed, it blazed furiously and fiercely.

"What! holy virgin! the liquid burns!" cried Albert.

"Ah, son, on these, there are many wondrous things in my science. I have shown you some

already. I can show you some more still. But hark! I know. Some one comes."

Schwartz went to the door, and opening it, admitted an aged man dressed in the costume of a noble.

"Count Hohenfels—welcome! thrice welcome!" cried Schwartz, to his noble visitor. "I did not expect you in my poor cell."

"How do you progress?"

"In the smaller secrets—wonderfully. I have found out the key to many prophecies of nature. I have discovered great things—to make—"

"But, no. I care not for them. How in the great one—the *arcum*—"

"I am getting nearer to it. A week ago I had it, but the two liquids united and went off in fire. If I could but reduce that fire to solid—"

"You would have it?"

"I would, for you must know that gold is solid fire—the essence of flame."

"You talk wildly—but I pardon it. Your adepts are always carried away by your secret arts. But I come here for the purpose of asking you to Stamburg, a small castle which belongs to me. I am going to the diet. My daughter and her maid, with a few soldiers, have left Hohenfels for the retirement of Stamburg."

"O, thanks, thanks! I will find everything there, and can go at once. But I have one request. I wish this youth, my assistant, to go with me."

"By all means. You may bring a hundred!" cried Count von Hohenfels, warmly.

"Thanks, thanks!" muttered Schwartz; and after a few more words from his visitor, who also examined some instruments carefully, the adept and his scholar were left alone.

CHAPTER II.

THE CASTLE.

In the midst of a lovely country where the scenery on every side was grand and exalting in the extreme, stood the castle of Stamburg. It was small in size, and consisted of a square structure with a courtyard in the midst. There were no walls around it, but its fine massive front rose up high from the ground, and the structure was flanked at every corner by strong towers.

Hills rose up behind, but a deep gully intervened, whose steep sides consisted of a vast growth of tangled shrubbery of every kind, among which a tree occasionally rose. Beneath stood a small torrent, which a few miles below widened and emptied into the Rhine.

Before lay an extended plain, covered with a dense forest. The castle and cultivated spots, the winding of a river might be seen, flowing on along the fertile borders, yielding gladness all around. The forest came up to within a mile of the castle, and then stopped, and lovely meadows, green fields, and avenues of stately trees appeared between.

Such was the situation of Stamburg, one of the smaller castles of the Count von Hohenfels, and his desire had come to pass the time of his absence in enjoying the beauties of Nature, which lay all around. A small garrison of about thirty men were there as a guard, and these accompanied her when she went out, hovering near to protect her from those dangers which in those days were of frequent occurrence. Upon such a scene did the Lady Adele gaze, as she looked forth from the uppermost terrace.

"How beautiful!" she cried. "How fresh the air is as it comes over yonder distant hills!"

As she spoke the sun cast a shadow before her, and she turned.

"Ha, the young magician!" she exclaimed, while a slight blush mantled her face.

Albert bowed, and stood apart at a respectful distance.

"Can you hunt?" she said to him.

"I can, fair lady. Many a boar has fallen by my hands. But you will not hunt to-day?"

"Why not? I have not yet been outside the castle."

"Lady, there is danger. The Count Storch has hated your father. The castellan tells me that he is hovering about here."

"The Count Storch! He would not dare—My father is the Lord of Hohenfels. Youth, you have the spirit of a seer, and are a coward, in spite of your boasts."

A deep flush dyed the cheeks of Albert. He clenched his hands.

The lady turned away as though she would not notice him. At length she spoke.

"Go tell the castellan to get ready the men and arms, for I will have a boar hunt."

Albert bowed, and withdrew.

"A noble youth!" murmured Adele, gazing at his retiring figure. "Who can he be? He cannot be a base-born seer. How came he with the magician?"

Perplexed by curiosity, she stood there, and at length departed to don her hunting garments.

Two hours elapsed, and at last the deep tones of the castle bell and the notes of the warbler's horn summoned all to the hunt. Up went the portcullis, and wide flew the gates. The whole company departed, and the castle was left with but two defenders.

It was a gallant sight, as the hunting party rode rapidly down toward the plain. The Lady Adele was at the head. Beside her, and a little way behind, rode Albert. On they went, and disappeared behind a distant hill.

Soon the loud tones of a trumpet broke the silence, and proclaimed that the chase was started. Away they went. The boar ran with wondrous speed. Adele and Albert were close behind him, while the others were far away.

Another was started. It ran toward the castle, and the other hunters turned from the first to pursue a second.

"Ha!" cried Albert, suddenly. "What's this? The boar is nowhere to be seen?"

"He ran behind yonder rock."

"But where is he now? Gone! I see him not."

"And where are my men?" said Adele, suddenly, and for the first time turning to look.

"Men! why—the holy virgin! they are all gone—the wretches!"

He seized his horn, and blew a loud, long blast. No answer was returned, except the rattling of the wind among the forest trees, and the wild echo of the sound among neighboring rocks.

"Gone—truly. They have forgotten who is their mistress. This boar has escaped us. We must return."

"How far may the castle be from here, lady?"

"Three miles. But sound your horn again. Some of my men may be near me."

Albert again sounded his horn. As the tones died away in the distance, the blast of another was heard close beside them.

Adele started.

"That is not one of the castle horns."

Again Albert blew his horn. As he took it from his mouth, a man at arms came riding round a projecting rock. He saw them and stopped.

"Storch!" cried Adele.

Suddenly the man put spurs to his horse, and rode down swiftly, uttering a low "halloo."

"Tis one of Storch's men. See you not his arms?"

"Surrender!" cried the stranger, in a loud voice, shaking his spear at Albert.

"Surrender!" shouted Albert, scornfully. "Dog! I am the one that speaks thus."

The soldier rushed furiously at him. Albert wheeled his horse, escaped the blow, and the next moment his boar spear quivered in the soldier's heart. He fell, and as he touched the earth, another trumpet note was heard, and from behind the same rock a troop of horsemen came rushing down.

"Fly!" he shouted Albert.

Away they went, with the speed of the wind. The horses of the two were of the finest Spanish breed, brought thence by Hohenfels, and they left behind them the infuriated foe. Shouts followed them, and the hoarse voice of Storch himself was heard commanding them to stop.

Albert turned, waved his bloody spear in triumph, and again fled toward the castle.

There it stood—but a mile away. The gates were open, but no man appeared upon the walls. Nearer—nearer they came. No men could be seen except the solitary warder.

Albert's heart beat with fierce anxiety.

"Holy virgin! The fool of a castellan and his men will be intercepted by Storch," he murmured, as he saw far away a troop of the men of Adele.

On they went. They approached the castle. They rushed in. Down went the portcullis, and swiftly the gates were closed by the strong hand of Albert.

"Great heaven!" cried Adele. "They have not come home, and Storch—"

"Fear not, lady!" cried Albert. "Fear not, but trust in Heaven. While I wield a sword, Storch shall not enter."

"Alas! what can we do here?"

"The situation is strong."

"But Storch will know that there are no defenders."

"How? The others may escape."

"Impossible; but I will see."

They went to the top of the keep, and looked down. There appeared the men of Storch, pursued by Albert. The troop of the latter numbered at least three hundred. The men of Adele fled far away in the direction of Heidelberg.

Albert and Adele watched them long. At last Storch finding himself far from the castle, returned, and in about an hour the enemy were assembled on the plain below.

CHAPTER III.

THE VAULTS.

Schwartz, in his lonely chamber, knew nothing of all the events of the day. Evening was coming. The foe was at the castle, but the adept bent over his crucible and worked as before.

"Schwartz!" was a voice.

Suddenly turning, he saw Albert.

"Ah, you have come here at last, have you? The great secret has no charms for you."

"I have other business. Schwartz, the castle will be taken to-morrow. An enemy is before it. The Lady Adele will be carried off by a ruffian. If Nature has any valuable secrets, this is the time to show it. Think, Schwartz. Ponder over your stores of knowledge. Devise some plan whereby all these may be destroyed, or at least some way in which we may be saved."

Schwartz was silent.

"Ha! have you nothing? Foolish old man! Of what avail is all your knowledge?"

"Peace, son. An enemy? The Lady Adele takes!"

"Yes, yes," said Albert, impatiently.

"Albert, I have that which is powerful enough to send all these enemies to perdition."

"Have you?" cried Albert, in delight.

"Since my coming here, I have been making great quantities of the powerful substance. Did I not say I could make thunder and lightning?"

"You did—but you cannot."

"See here, incredulous youth; this is the substance, which lies the power of the thunderbolt."

He took some black substance from a crucible near him. Albert looked. He laid it upon the table and touched it with a coal. A blinding flash, and a loud explosion followed.

"Albert, I have large quantities of this in the vaults beneath. Count Hohenfels knows its power. I have shown it to him."

"Well."

"The enemy will attack us to-morrow. To-morrow you shall see them all cold in death. But take you the Lady Adele. Fly to yonder height on the other side of the gully. Be there by dawn, and you shall see some of my power. The warder shall stay with me. We will join you early."

And the adept again turned to his crucible.

Through that night Schwartz and the warder were busy in the vaults. They lay beneath the courtyard of the castle. There were large vessels filled with great quantities of a strange, black substance. It was the first time in many years that the warder had entered here, for the count was careful about the vaults, and never permitted any one to visit them.

In front of the castle, Storch's camp was encamped with his men. As he knew not the number of those within the castle, he concluded to wait till morning and then make his attack.

Morning came. The first streaks of light ascended from the eastern horizon, and gradually the sombre shadows departed,—gradually the dawn came on. Upon the summit of a wooded height, on the other side of the gully, Albert and Adele waited. At midnight they had left the castle, and from this hill they could gaze unscathed upon the castle and the foe.

As the sun rose, a trumpet sounded in Storch's camp, and soon all were in motion. The soldiers rose and donned their armor, and girded on their arms. Then, at the second signal, the whole troop marched in order toward the castle.

No one could be seen, either on the walls, or within any turret. Not a sound could be heard, not the slightest sign of life could be discovered.

"There is some trick here!" cried Storch.

"Be careful—be wary, my men. Herald, do your duty."

"I summon this castle to surrender, in the name of Count Heinrich von Storch, Lord of Storch and Dowerstein."

No answer came. All was still.

Three times the herald sounded, and made his summons. Then Storch grew impatient. "On, my soldiers! We will teach them the danger of despising us!" With a loud shout the whole troop poured through the gate into the courtyard. The inner castle doors were closed.

Storch shouted: "Open the doors!" No answer came. His men with their heavy halberds began to thunder upon them.

Four persons stood on the height beyond. Besides Albert and Adele, there was the old warder, and Schwartz. As the noise of the summons and the sounds of blows came to their ears, they gazed with intense anxiety.

"The hour is nearly up!" muttered Schwartz.

"Spare the fire has almost reached—"

Suddenly, with awful violence—a shout as a hurricane had burst upon them—with blinding, dazzling brilliancy, burst forth a flash of light—streaming, pouring, upward and around, in all directions from the castle. A deafening noise followed—a noise as deep and awful as the roar of thunder. Large masses of stones and beams, of doors and gates, unsnapingly fragments of brick work and iron bars, mingled all together in one chaotic mass, were hurled into the air.

Men were thrown up, and torn to pieces by the terrific power of the explosion. The massive walls and lofty towers trembled, and fell headlong down. When the volumes of thick smoke rolled away, nothing was left of the castle of Stamburg except a black and fearful ruin.

Messages were sent by Adele from Hohenfels to her father. He returned, and when he heard of all that had passed, his gratitude and joy knew no bounds.

"And what, brave youth, can I give to you as a reward for delivering my daughter from Storch's clasp?" said he to Albert, who stood modestly apart with a large mantle wrapped around him.

Albert walked up towards the beautiful Adele, who stood confused and anxious.

"Count Hilbert von Hohenfels, you think me a seer—a low-born vassal to some poor knight. I am not so. In me—"

And as he spoke, the mantle was loosened from him. "In me you see Alberto Colonna—head of the most princely house in Italy!" The mantle fell. He was dressed in richest armor.

"Colonna! you Colonna! an Italian?"

"Even so. I had heard of the famous adept, Michael Schwartz, and came to Germany for the purpose of learning some of his science. I am soon to return. Count Hohenfels, you wish me to name my reward. Here is all I ask." And he took the willing hand of Adele.

"Take her, Colonna. Take her, and with her my blessing. You have won her. You deserve her, and the princess of Colonna could not deck a fairer brow than that of my daughter Adele von Hohenfels."

Schwartz found not the *elixir vite*. Immortality he could not gain in the way he wished, but through the despised black substance he won everlasting fame, and immortality of another kind. For among the great names of the middle ages, none is more widely known than that of Michael Schwartz, the inventor of gunpowder.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

RECEIPT FOR GETTING A NEW HAT.

BY MRS. N. D. ROBINSON.

A luxuriously furnished apartment. The lady is almost lost in the soft cushions of a large easy chair, and the gentleman reclines negligently upon a damask couch. Both are dressed in the extreme of fashion, and as far as we can judge from outward appearances, nothing is wanting to produce their mutual felicity and happiness. But as we draw nearer, the thought strikes us that the lady's voice is a trifle too sharp, and the gentleman's tones not quite so bland and insinuating as they probably were before marriage.

Least, however, we should do them wrong, let us endeavor to ascertain the purport of their conversation.

"Another hat, is it! What with spring hats, summer hats, autumn hats, winter hats, opera hats and riding hats, you'll ultimately drive me to bankruptcy! Allow me to remark, Mrs. Sharp, that it is a most unreasonable request."

"Just the way you always talk when I make a modest demand upon your purse! Most husbands have the politeness to offer their wives money, but I'm obliged to beg for every cent I get."

"A most outrageous untruth, Mrs. Sharp! Last week I certainly gave you an hundred dollars without being asked."

"And what if you did? What is a hundred dollars?"

"More than you can afford to spend in a week in buying knick-knacks which you do not

need. Money is close, I repeat again, and this reckless extravagance must be stopped; do you hear—I say it must be stopped!"

"You can't frighten me, Mr. Sharp—I've heard you talk after that fashion too many times. But I must and will have one of those beautiful Madams B's; so becoming and only twenty dollars. Now do, Mr. Sharp."

The lady's voice suddenly fell several tones, and the soft, persuasive cadences were in agreeable contrast to the shrill, dictatorial ones of the previous moment.

"Very well done, very well done, Mrs. S.; but I can't be coaxed. I'm going to have my way for the time to come."

"Will you give me the money?"

"No; I haven't it to spare."

"You're a brute, Mr. Sharp."

"Thank you."

"I'll get a divorce."

Here the voices forgot its persuasiveness, the face flushed with anger, and the eyes sparkled with something akin to passion.

"Do, my dear—the sooner the better."

"You're a—"

Before the lady fixed upon the right word, the door was thrown open and a servant announced Mrs. Sly. Mrs. Sharp looked significantly at her husband, muttering something about a "ridiculous bore and a tiresome creature," and in an amazingly short space of time wreathed the affable face in smiles, and ran to meet the new comer whom she greeted with an affectionate kiss. Reader, we thought of the kiss of Judas, and drew our own deductions; you can do the same.

"I'm delighted to see you, my dear Mrs. Sly! It's quite an age since you gave us a call."

"Only last week, I believe," returned the visitor.

"Last week was it—well, it really seems a long time," resumed Mrs. Sharp, with the sweetest of smiles. "Husband and I frequently wish that you would favor us with your company often. We were just saying as you came in, that—"

"Yes, Mrs. Sly, your presence is particularly agreeable at this time," added the gentleman, "for, although matrimonial *idea-ties* may be very agreeable once in a while, they may possibly become dull and monotonous."

"There's where I agree with you; for I usually feel very sleepy and stupid when Mr. Sly and myself are left alone. But, apropos, my dear Mrs. Sharp, I called for you to go with me and examine the new case of hats which Madame B. has just opened; they have the most beautiful forms I have seen this season. I have set my heart upon having one."

"I will accompany you with

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.
MATHURIN M. BAILLOU, EDITOR.

For the benefit of the Flag of our Union, the paper is sold at a discount, invariably in advance. The paper is always delivered at the expiration of the time paid for. See insert on the last page.

*All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass., proprietor of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, post paid.

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"The Pilgrims of the Sun," a story, by JAMES S. MILES.
"A Tale of the Sea," a story, by T. D. WILKINS.
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ISLAND OF CUBA.

Sheel clouds of passing events have long since foreseen the present state of affairs between Spain and this country. The accumulated insults heaped by the minions of that imbecile nation upon our citizens, the constant and repeated insults to our flag, and the heavy injury to our commerce that she has proved, have all been temperately borne until forbearance ceases to be a virtue; and our country owes it to herself to put an end to the power of Spain further to insult and injure us. No other nation on the face of the globe would so long have borne another's piratical depredations, and reiterated injuries. Nature gave the island of Cuba to this country, and it has already too long been permitted to be ruled, abused and tyrannized over by the weakest and most unprincipled nation of Christendom.

England and France, and especially the former government, have always looked with a jealous and longing eye towards this island; and it is not many years since the proposition was openly made in the British parliament, to seize it from Spain, on some trivial pretext, to fortify it still more strongly, and to hold it as English territory. Now, England proposes to intervene between this government and Spain touching this island. Every officer, and soldier, and growing strength and prosperity, she cannot bear to see this outpost of our shores, which commands so large a share of our commerce fall into other hands. But Congress will permit no intervention of England, nor will this government longer put up with wrongs that so loudly call for redress. The island of Cuba must belong to the United States.

No time is to be lost, delay is dangerous, it can now stand but a few days more of bloodshed; delay it from month to month, or even from year to year, while diplomatic agency drags its slow length along, and it will cost fifty thousand lives to plant the stars and stripes over Moro Castle; but even at that fearful cost it will be eventually done. Let summary justice be done now, before England and France can have either excuse or time to mingle themselves in the contest, and it will be but a bloodless victory, comparatively speaking. Besides, England and her allies have just now enough to do in the Baltic and Black Sea to keep them busy.

We have reasoned long enough; we have borne insult, contumely, and all manner of wrongs from Spain, until disgrace has rust-like gathered on our coat of arms, and we have come for nothing but to watch the blot. Let Cuba be at once taken; the time has come for action, and words are but empty and meaningless.

SINGULAR.

A human body in a perfect state of petrification, has been dug up in Cincinnati. The Cincinnati Enquirer thus speaks of it. "This extraordinary specimen of the human race is a male, about five feet seven inches in length. The hair is cut very short, and seems to have been shaved in several parts, as its formation is perfect, and apparently uninjured by the time. The face is singularly formed, differing in shape and expression from any of the races of the present age. What is more remarkable, the body is perfect in all its parts, every muscle, fibre and sinew being perfectly developed. The color is a light gray approaching that of a white man, though this may have been caused by the soil in which it has been buried, perhaps for ages."

THE INSANE AND IDIOTIC.—The last census furnished the whole number of insane and idiotic persons in the various States of the Union. The aggregate number is 31,494, of which 15,768 were insane and 15,726 idiotic. Of the insane persons, 14,972 were white, and 636 colored; and of the idiotic, 14,257 were white, and 1,530 colored. Maryland has 546 insane, and 391 idiotic; Virginia 790 insane, and 1182 idiotic; and the District of Columbia 23 insane, and 13 idiotic.

NAUTICAL.—A young lady, says one of our exchanges, remarked to a male friend, that she feared she would make a poor sailor. The gentleman promptly answered, "Probably—but I'm sure you would make an excellent mate."

NARROW ESCAPE.—A man recently purchased a link of sausage "long drawn out," nearly choked to death by a piece of brass collar, marked "Fido." How the collar got into the sausage, is the question?

BIRDS AND FLOWERS.—Wherever there is a cottage with a flower at the window, or a birdcage at the door, the in-dweller is compunctively happy, and generally more in proportion.

FOR LIBERIA.—Seventy-six slaves from Kentucky and Missouri have arrived in Baltimore, intending to embark for Liberia.

SHIP-BUILDING.

Beyond a doubt the "Universal Yankee Nation" is "in a head of all the rest of creation" in the matter of ship-building, both as to amount of tonnage, speed and general excellence of construction. From recent official reports of the treasury department, it appears that the amount of shipping built in the United States in 1850 is 295 ships, 95 brigs, 61 schooners, 394 sloops and canal boats, and 271 steamers; showing an aggregate of 1710 vessels, amounting to 455,572 tons. Of this amount, the States producing them, were as follows:—Maine, 351 vessels, 118,916 tons; New York, 289 vessels, 83,224 tons; Massachusetts, 205 vessels, 93,013 tons; Pennsylvania, 191 vessels, 21,539 tons; Ohio, 90 vessels, 21,513 tons; Maryland, 132 vessels, 16,301 tons; Connecticut, 67 vessels, 9422 tons; New Hampshire, 10 vessels, 8666 tons; Kentucky, 30 vessels, 8582 tons; New Jersey, 58 vessels, 7107 tons; Virginia, 40 vessels, 9599 tons; Delaware, 33 vessels, 3445 tons; Missouri, 22 vessels, 2583 tons; Indiana, 9 vessels, 4455 tons; Rhode Island, 11 vessels, 3170 tons; District of Columbia, 42 vessels, 2743 tons; Wisconsin, 14 vessels, 2422 tons; South Carolina, 88 vessels, 1993 tons; North Carolina, 136 vessels, 1746 tons; Louisiana, 17 vessels, 1346 tons; Illinois, 9 vessels, 1158 tons; Vermont, 2 vessels, 218 tons; California, 2 vessels, 150 tons; Tennessee, 1 vessel, 45 tons. Total, 1710 vessels, 455,572 tons. From this it appears that Maine takes the banner in the business. On the score of "big ships," Massachusetts will put her foot forward for the honors.

OMER PACHA'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

The domestic life of Omer Pacha, the Turkish commander on the Danube, who is a Croatian by birth, and has passed through every subordinate grade in the army to his present proud position, is very far from being tainted with the debauchery that is generally attributed, and often falsely, to the private conduct of the Moslems. He has had no more than two wives, and though he was allowed to have them contemporaneously, he did not marry the second until after his divorce from the former. This was a Turkish woman, daughter of an Aga of the Janissaries, who died in 1827, and was a pupil of his protector, Koosier. Emancipated from the severe restraint of the laws of the liberty of European customs, she abused it, and forced her husband to a separation. The second is a European, and was a young maid, of a mild and virtuous character, when he saw her first, and married her at Bucharest, where she was exercising, at fourteen years of age, the profession of a teacher of the piano-forte. She is from Cronstadt, in Transylvania, and her name is Anna Simionich. He has no offspring, but a natural daughter, born of an Arabian slave in Syria. A male child, the fruit of his new marriage, died at four months of age, crushed under a carriage upset in the passage from Travnik to Sarajevo. He has, therefore, as yet, no probability of being remembered in his adopted country but by his deeds.

PRICE OF A FLOGGING.—The following story, illustrative of Yankee acquisitiveness, is related by the Pawtucket Chronicle. It appears that the teacher of one of the public schools in that place was about to punish one of his pupils for some offence, when the youngster made good his escape. The teacher offered a reward of twenty-five cents to have the culprit brought back. The impatient Yankee heard of the offer before he was taken, and at once sent word by his informant that he would "return and take the licking, if the teacher would pay him twelve and a half cents, cash down!"

BLACK SEA.—An officer on board one of the vessels of the allied fleet, writes: "The scenery along the southern coast of the Black Sea is beyond description; mountains of stupendous height literally covered with snow, with immense forests of pine trees protruding, which, owing to the excessive clearness of the atmosphere, appear to be close to you, though, in fact, fifty or sixty miles distant. The loveliest weather you can possibly imagine; not a cloud to be seen, and perfectly calm."

GOING TO LAW.—In the Supreme Court at Ipswich lately, Joseph P. Woodbury vs. Asa Sawyer, was tried. The defendant leased a plowing mill at East Boston of the plaintiff, and for sandy alleged short-comings, the latter sued him for \$40,000 damages. The jury took a different view of the matter, awarding him one cent.

BIOGRAPHY OF HOSIA BALLOU.—A new edition of this work, by the editor of "The Flag of our Union," has just been issued by the publisher. Any person, by enclosing one dollar to Abel Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston, will receive a copy of the biography, embellished with a fine steel engraving of Hosia Ballo, postage free.

SAID.—A little girl eight years of age, died in New-Jersey from convulsions brought on by jumping rope four hundred times in the succession. The parents of the child, who was a native of England, in jumping continued without cessation forty-eight hours, until the sufferer was released by death.

EXTRAORDINARY.—The latest case of "absence of mind" was that of a young woman in Portland, who was sent by her mother to buy a pair of new shoes, and instead of buying them, married the shoemaker.

PANAMA RAILWAY.—There were at the latest dates, five thousand men engaged at work on the Panama Railroad; that force would be kept at work until the track is finished to Panama.

HENPECKED HAPPINESS.—All men are happier for being henpecked, providing their wives are clever enough to keep the secret.

A CHANCE FOR ETCETERAS.—A Chinese merchant at Sacramento City, Cal., advertises among other delicacies, "dried words for soup."

EDITORIAL INK-DROPS.

Rich quicksilver mines have lately been discovered in St. Louis Rancho, California. Brandy, in Bolivia costs \$4 per bottle, and also sells at \$2 a bottle. No need of the Maine law! The Alabama Legislature have refused to grant State aid to the building of railways. In the gold diggings of California the major part of the people are miners.

The work on the new Custom House at Mobile, has been commenced.

Wm. H. Curtis, a young man, has been convicted of grand larceny in New York, lately.

No amount of haste will overtake the last hour. A good maxim.

Benjamin Beal of Milford, Mass., committed suicide in that town a few days since.

The Cashmere goat has been successfully introduced and bred in South Carolina.

The price of Russia hemp is now 20 cents per pound; and Raritan, 19 cents.

Five sons of George A. Turkent died in Jacksonville, Fla., in one week, of scarlet fever.

The man who pledged his word and honor, has lost the docket.

Louisville, with a population of 70,000, has but one place of public amusement.

There are half a million more females than males in Great Britain.

The schooner *Arctalia* was lost on Lake Ontario a few days since, and the crew drowned.

There are in Paris eighty-four thousand freemasons.

The grandmaster is a French Marquis.

Reservoir mania literally a place where anything is reserved or kept.

Luke Curtis of Windsor, N. H., has been indicted for the murder of his father by poison.

The foundation of the new Opera House in New York, is already laid.

Nearly a million dollars worth of property has been shipwrecked on the Bahamas, recently.

It is understood that sanguinary skirmishes occur daily on the Danube.

Sugar manufactured in Portland, Me., is now shipped to the British Provinces.

LOW FARES.

It was a favorite and popular theory with the public, sometime ago, and is still urged in many quarters, that the cheaper railroad fares are made the greater will be the profits, in consequence of the increased impetus to travellers which low fares produce. This theory, however plausible it may appear, is exactly the reverse of fact, as is proved by the experience of the Massachusetts railroads. The railway lines have carried passengers for a cent a mile, or undertaken to compete with water communication in transporting freight or passengers, have done a losing business, and the greater their gross income, the greater has been their net loss.

The long lines do not earn enough, in some cases, to pay the interest upon their bonds. The increased expenditure upon roads so largely travelled, is found to be enormously disproportionate to the receipts, but this is a fact which never enters into the public calculation. Experience has also proved that railroad fares are often too low for the safety of travellers, companies not being able to put their roads in that condition, and have such attendance upon them, as would give security to travel.

RAPIDITY OF ELECTRICITY.

In the original experiments, by Prof. Wheatstone, to ascertain the rapidity with which electricity is transmitted along copper wire, it was found that an electric spark passed through a space of 288,000 miles in a second. It has been determined that the rapidity of transmission through iron wire is 16,000 miles a second, whilst it does not exceed 2700 in the same space of time in the telegraph wire between London and Brussels, a great portion of which is submerged in the German Ocean. The retardation of the force in its passage through insulated wire immersed in water, is calculated to have an important practical bearing in effecting a telegraphic communication with America, for it is stated by Professor Faraday that in a length of 2000 miles, or more waves of electric force might be transmitting at the same time, and that if the current be reversed, signals sent through the wire might be received before arriving at America.

A HEROINE.—Romantic young men have lately read with delight an account of an Asiatic female raising a regiment of soldiers, and marching to defend her country from the Russian invaders. Everybody, of course, imagined that she was young, dashing and handsome, a second Joan of Arc, and just the girl to fall in love with. But some one writing from Constantinople gives the following account of the Asiatic warrior woman:—"Fatime Hansen has arrived at Constantinople with 600 horsemen as her suite. She is an old woman of about 60 years of age, of a very withered appearance, and very like a gipsy."

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—The California papers report a revival of the Chinese immigration into that State. A Dutch ship, the *Isis*, had just arrived at San Francisco, with nearly 500 Chinamen on board, and reported three other vessels at Hong Kong taking in passengers when she sailed. Two ships had already left previous to the *Isis*, with full complements of passengers.

RIDICULOUS.—A trial is now going on in Wetzel county, Virginia, for a murder committed in 1850. The evidence is based upon the testimony of a man who met a ghost in the woods several times, which informed him that "Mr. Mercer," was the murderer.

ALTOGETHER LIKELY.—Dublin is taking lessons in drawing; he thinks he can "draw a horse" easier with a pencil, than with one of Perham's gift tickets.

CONVERSATIONAL TRUTH.—Women never tire of talking about babies, and men about horses.

A VALUABLE RECIPE.—How to Print and when to Publish.—Kiss, and don't tell.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Alchemist," a Tale of Venice, by H. C. PARSONS.

"The First Wife," a story, by Dr. J. H. ROBERTSON.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

IN MEMORIAM.

BY JAMES CLIFFORD.

The rain falls on the grave, my friend—
The gentle rain of early spring—
And here I sit in gloom and pain,
While night's dark shadows round me cling;
The solemn music of my grief
Is resting on my pained heart,
For thou art gone, and years may roll
Ere I can see thee as thou art!

One little year ago, and thou
Wert full of life and joy as I;
But now beneath the cypress shade,
Thy wondering limbs in slumber lie.
God rest thee, happy in the land
Will earth-enclosed press upon thy soul—
For it has passed in yonder heaven
Thou, his, and all, and in his goal.

O, never did I think to know
That day of dark despair and gloom,
When I should see thy waiting form
Awaiting me for the tomb:
And feel that pure, soul-filling glow
Would never again look into mine,
Or that my faithful, loving heart
Its deep affection must resign!

And yet, thy memory cheers me on
Through all these dreary, changing scenes,
For oft thy footsteps come to me
In sleeping or in waking dream;
Thy voice of wondrous music, too,
How oft it accents to my ear
While fond remembrance brings to me
The form now sleeping on the bier.

The rain falls heavily and sad
Upon thy distant grave, my friend,
While waiting goes the southern wind
Among the trees that over thee bend;
And I am here alone—alone!
With evening's mantle o'er me spread,
And grief within my lonely heart—
O, would that I were in the dead!

[Translated from the French by The Flag of our Union.]

THE PAGAN'S TOWER.

A LEGEND OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

ANOTHER commencement of the reign of Louis VIII., who placed in the chronology of the kings of France, between his father, Philip Augustus, and his son, Louis IX., has no other glory than that which he borrows from the light received from them there, lived in the territory of Marly, a worthy and brave gentleman of the name of Guillaume Bernard, Sieur de Fontenilles. He might have taken a more pompous title, for he was of great and noble race, but he dared not, for three principal reasons.

The first was, that as yet he was only a squire and not a knight; this was the least of the three reasons; the second was, that the reigning king might have told him that he ceased to reascend a name and a title which the deceased king had wished extinct forever; the third was, that several things were wanting to enable him to live in a manner suitable to his illustrious origin. He was so poor that the little chateau of Fontenilles, his only patrimony, though it had been built scarcely a hundred years, threatened ruin on all sides, while he had not the means to repair the damages; so poor, that he had invited his kinsmen to purchase their liberty, and sold it to them at the lowest price; so poor, that the officers attached to his person on his illustrious origin. He was so poor that the little chateau of Fontenilles, his only patrimony, though it had been built scarcely a hundred years, threatened ruin on all sides, while he had not the means to repair the damages; so poor, that he had invited his kinsmen to purchase their liberty, and sold it to them at the lowest price; so poor, that the officers attached to his person on his illustrious origin.

As for the attendant who had been named Conste Cuisse, in consequence of a slight lameness with which he was afflicted, exempt from the rude labor of the fields, near the person of his master, he took care of his wardrobe and his armor, served him at table, carried his messages and did his errands, which did not prevent him, when the time for harvest or vintage came, from helping the two others in threshing the corn, winnowing the grain, weaving baskets, hooping casks; taking upon himself meanwhile all that pertained to the winter provisions, the preservation of the vegetables, the salting of the meat, and especially the administration of the cellars. Never was attendant so busy and so poorly paid. What can I say more? Guillaume Bernard was so poor, so poor, that in order to procure the money necessary to his maintenance, to hear a few crows sing in his park, and be able, like any other honest gentleman, to make his Sunday offering to the church, he saw himself obliged to sell the scanty produce of his lands, though scarcely sufficient for himself and his three servants.

There came an unlucky year, when the grain failed almost entirely. Far from being able to sell it, he became necessary to buy it, and it cost dear; the wine had been in great abundance; this seemed likely to be some compensation; but the markets were so full of it that the buyers were willing to pay for the cask and not for the grape-juice, the container and not the contents.

Our unfortunate gentleman knew not how to manage; his cellars were full, but his granaries were empty, and perhaps for want of habit, he could not resolve to drink always without eating. In his perplexity he summoned his grand council, composed of his squire, his cup-bearer, his major domo, his gentleman-carver, his butler, all assembled and united in the same person, that of Maître Conste Cuisse, who besides was a man of sense, and a pretty good reasoner for a peasant.

"Messire," said the latter to him, "our wine, though I have taken great care of it, since it

came from the press, though I myself manufactured the casks, bestowing on them all my science, we could scarcely exchange it for clear water at St. Germain, at Pécq, or at Poissy; to transport it to Paris in order to sell it at auction, would be a hard undertaking, for it would be necessary to equip a boat, hire boatmen, take a long voyage on the river, all costly things, and it seems to me we have not at this moment the money for this. The inhabitants of Marly-le-Bourne and those of Marly-le-Châtel might purchase it, for they know it to be of good taste, good color, milky acid, and rolling over the tongue with more delicacy than cider, more strength than mead; but they are not people to buy by the ton or half ton; therefore we must sell it to them by the jar or pichet full, even by the bottle or the glass. That is my advice."

"Hold, Goodman," immediately replied his master, raising his head with a haughty air. "If I excuse you, it is because the moon is on the wane, and the doctors affirm that at such times weak brains are weaker and wane with it. You are mad!"

"Assen," said the attendant, bowing humbly. "If my lord has a more certain method to procure money—"

"A fine method, indeed, to sell my wine by the bottle and goblet, in order to reap a harvest of pence."

"Two hundred and forty pence, messire, may be exchanged for a silver pound, and by amassing these we may arrive at a golden bezant."

"Holy virgin! but it would be a disgrace to me!"

"Why so, messire? Our lords the abbés have always had a cabaret beside their vineyards, and even King Philip—God knows what I think of him—had his hawkers and his peddlers, and the abbés have their monks to provide for their wants."

"Am I not here, messire?" replied the indolgent Conste Cuisse. "I have time enough left to add this function to my other reflections; besides, the product of the wine of your self is my only resource. Let me alone, master, and if we are not unlucky, if the goblets of the cellars do not turn our precious liquor into muddy water, we shall soon find at the bottom of each of our empty casks the means of procuring food provisions, and who knows, perhaps also, something to renew your clothes which are beginning to look shabby."

When the attendant had ceased speaking, Guillaume Bernard felt but one regret, namely, that he was not rich enough to be able to compensate immediately the zeal of a servant so devoted.

A few days afterwards, not far from the principal house, he sold the chateau of Fontenilles, a kind of little arbor, garnished with wooden tables and benches, surrounded with a light trellis and surmounted with a pine branch.

Behold then our chateau, our gentleman of high birth, constrained, in order to live, to become an innkeeper! If his poverty was great, great also must have been his humiliation, greater still his gloomy sadness!

No, it was not so; notwithstanding his poverty, his humiliation and the misfortune of his family, he was oftenest found smiling and in good humor. Ah, it is because there circulates in his veins a powerful philter which supports against adversity; he is young. Born at the same time with the thirteenth century, he hardly numbers twenty-three years; besides, he has in his heart a Montmorency, daughter of Beuchard First, Lord of Marly of Montreuil of Salsac and of Picauville, grand-daughter of Matthew the Great, chief of the branch of the Marly Montmorencies, one of the greatest warriors of his time, who was killed beneath the walls of Constantinople.

Certainly, if he had been able to reason with his heart, he would have sought to stifle this fine sentiment at its birth, as one stifles the young of the vulture in its nest before it has taken beak and nails to rend you. However, if he thinks of anything, it is not of curing the dangerous inclination; quite the contrary. What then does he hope for? That one day she may be given him to wife, she, the daughter of a high baron of France; she, whose family is powerful, rich, honored; to him, a poor squire, disinherited even of his name; the mendicant, the inn-keeper! No, his thoughts are not bewildered with such dreams. He loves Jeanne, because she is beautiful and pleasant to behold; because she has white teeth and hands, darling feet, hair of a fine blond glistening in the light—this is all; and he persists in loving her, because that to two seems good to him and gives joy to his heart. At this age the heart cannot remain empty. Does he even care whether his love is reciprocated? I think not. Of what use would that have been? To see Jeanne in his great festival, his Sunday fête; so the hour of mass is to him an hour of delight. Nevertheless, as he finds it bad that there is but one Sunday in a week, and one mass only on Sunday, alas, too short! he attempts to compensate himself, sometimes, by going to the chateau to pay his respects to the baron as his vassal; sometimes, by going there to visit Thibaud de Marly, the brother of Jeanne whose friendship he has obtained; and though at the church and at the chateau Jeanne has never bestowed upon him any but a haughty and chilling glance, he admires not the less her eyes, which he thinks the finest eyes in the world, and not the less returns home delighted at having seen her.

This affection which was contented with so little, which had not even hope for an allment, nevertheless sufficed to give him the strength necessary to support his misfortune; he derived from it that stoical carelessness which made him despise all the riches he did not possess; he drew from it those sweet reveries, which, with

his gaiety, composed the greatest part of his happiness.

For our squire was happy. Since he had followed the advice of his honest attendant, he had become almost rich. Customers were not wanting beneath his arbor, and it sometimes happened that it was not vast enough to shelter them all. The travelers at month's end came from St. Germain, from the Pécq to Marly, stopped there partly to refresh themselves, partly to recover breath after the ascent of La Beigne; the villagers of the neighborhood met there gladly; even his ancient serfs who peopled two hamlets repaired there on fair days, on account of the neighborhood. Though few new and released from all homage towards him, as soon as they perceived that the squire, the more would lift a look of their hair, the young girls pick up a blade of grass or a flower from the fields, and all would present this voluntary tribute, after having humbly saluted him with their sincere reverence. It would happen also that a fiddler, armed with his rebeck, would form a part of the band; then, with their master's permission, the courts of the chateau of Fontenilles, usually silent and deserted, would resound with joyous cries, grow animated beneath the skips of the dancers; and if through pride of birth he dared not take an active part in the dances, at least he enjoyed the noisy gaiety which whirled around him; he repeated in a low tone and with closed lips the refrain of the sounds, and considered himself fully satisfied with the pleasant pastime he thus enjoyed.

You see that Guillaume Bernard was not very exacting in love or in pleasures. One morning as he was still in bed, cradled by a delicious dream, he was dreaming that he was present in the church of Marly, at a mass which had already lasted six hours, neither more nor less—he was suddenly awakened by a great noise without. He called his attendant, he called his falconer, he called his butler; no one replied. Of the three, two were already laboring with the pruning-knife and hoe, and his factotum, Conste Cuisse, had set out at dawn for Poissy, to renew there the provision of corn and oats.

The noise continued and seemed to increase. Bernard, still overcome with sleep, thought that some misadventure was attempting to force his doors; he sprang out of bed, hastily threw on his pantaloons and his dressing gown of serge, and directing his course towards the sound, which was becoming formidable, quickly perceived beneath the arbor a young cavalier of fine appearance, who, after breaking by main strength the most solid wooden benches outside of the trellis, was about to break the benches around the tables.

"O hallo, ho!" cried the latter to Bernard, as soon as he perceived him. "Do you allow yourself to make the son of my father wait? What is to hinder me from breaking your bones as I have broken your benches?"

"Holy virgin!" muttered Bernard, knitting his brows. And by a rapid movement he placed his hand upon his left side, as if he had expected to find there the handle of his sword.

"Come down, give me something to drink. I am dying with thirst," resumed the other.

"What do you mean by looking at me with such a terrified air? Are the words which issue from the mouth of a gentleman Hebrew to you?"

"I am perhaps of as noble a race as yourself," replied Bernard, raising his head proudly.

"How? What? What does he say? But this pine-branch which hangs from the roof of this arbor!"

"I allow to be sold here the wine of my fields, as 'tis my right; for I am the lord of this chateau."

The newly arrived suddenly became quiet.

"Pardon me, sir," said he, approaching the chateau; "but patience is not my virtue. Besides," added he, with a somewhat ironical smile, "the costume which you are wearing might have aided in my mistake; the stuff is not silk, nor cut in the latest fashion."

Bernard blushed slightly, but without any ill-will to his visitor. Like a gentleman who understands his business, he prepared to entertain him as well as he could, seeing that the servants were absent, but his patience was not his virtue.

Renard de Beauvais, such was the name of the traveler, accepted at all risks; he was waiting for his pages and valets, who were following him at a distance with his baggage, and at the chateau he would have leisure to watch for them as they passed, which would be better than to wait in the open air beneath the arbor, as he had at first intended to do.

So saying, he seized the bridle of his horse which was feeding among the green shoots of a fresh crop of lucerne, and the two young people, already comrades, crossed the threshold of the manor of Fontenilles.

Hardly had he entered the court, when Renard de Beauvais, turning to the right and examining curiously a large wall of well-built masonry which projected in a semi-circle towards the chateau, and was opposite to him, asked:

"What is this?"

"My great-grandfather," replied Bernard, "on his return from the Crusades, caused this tower to be constructed thus in imitation of one he had seen at Damascus in the habitation of the caliph. This caliph, during the warm weather, lived there with his suitors."

"Then take the caliph and his manner of lodging the ladies! Our King Dagobert, who had five wives at once, lodged them otherwise, I think."

And, after having laughed at King Dagobert and his five queens, Renard de Beauvais added:

"Nevertheless, the building is strange and ought to be preserved; you should have the latrine, which is in some disarray, broken and unglazed, carefully repaired; in the state in which your tower is at present, may I be hung between dogs, like a vile Jew, if I would consent that my horse should pass a single night there. But apropos of my horse," continued he, "have you a place for him in one of your stables?"

"I have but a single stable," said Bernard, "and he will be there at his ease, I hope, for I

have also but one horse—yes, only one—for my private use," added the poor chateau, from a sentiment of shame.

"Only one, indeed. It is then a fine Spanish genet, which is as suitable for the parade ground as for the race?"

"You shall judge," said Bernard, with a sigh. They entered the stable; it was empty.

Bernard then remembered that his attendant, Conste Cuisse had been obliged to use the horse, and that at this moment, his fine Spanish genet was drawing the cart at the market of Poissy. This time his blood deepened to purple. His trials were not yet over.

When he had introduced his guest into the great hall, the most ornate, the most comfortable in the chateau, the latter cried out at seeing the walls almost bare and painted in colors; he advised him to hang them with arras tapestry, such as was then seen in all good houses, and on the stone floor, scarcely covered with a litter of straw, it seemed to him more suitable to spread fine red mats, softer to the feet. He afterwards examined the furniture. The buffet of oak, with its potted dishes, though clean and well-ordered, seemed to him too modest; could not the Sieur de Fontenilles, without aspiring to luxuries, procure simple but tasteful dresses decorated with Venetian glasses, and a few pieces of silver? The seats were stiff and hard; instead of these wooden settees, which were more suitable for monks than for gentlemen, he would have arm-chairs, or at least stuffed benches.

For the first time Bernard suffered in his pride and in his poverty; but he controlled himself, for the stranger was his guest. Meanwhile, while the latter was pursuing his examination proceeded at last to criticize an image of the virgin in wax, ornamented with lace and spangles, which figured on the mantel-piece between a wax candle and a branch of the blessed bush, he had not strength to restrain himself any longer, for he was for important reasons, particularly devoted to the queen of angels; so, striking his foot, he could not help uttering an angry exclamation.

"What is the matter, messire?" said Renard de Beauvais, ready to grow angry in his turn.

"Ah, by the death of Mahomet, just now you were burning with thirst, and at present you seem to be thinking only of taking an inventory of my poverty!"

Bernard made a movement as if to defend himself from the intemperance.

"No matter," pursued Bernard, without leaving him time to reply; if I am poor, that concerns only myself, and I will no longer blush for it. But you have spoken disrespectfully of the virgin."

"One moment, comrade, not of the virgin, but of that villainous piece of wax, which is not worthy to represent her. As for the queen of heaven, I honor her as much as you can do; I have even her picture at the foot of my bed, but on an enamel of Limoges, and so delicately colored, so prettily framed in a circle of vermillion."

"Let us drink," said Bernard, interrupting him again; and he placed on a table two glasses and two bottles.

Bernard de Beauvais, though he had suddenly recovered his thirst, slowly sipped the raw wine, then stopping, said:

"You have no other?"

"No; do you not find this to your taste?"

"It is excellent."

And with perfect courtesy he finished his glass at a draught.

"I find it good, very good," he resumed, after having made a slight grimace; "but have you never thought of allowing some tunc of it to ferment in a mixture of honey, lavender and resin?"

"Never," replied Bernard, hastily.

"It would be still better."

The honest chateau of Fontenilles began to take a dislike to his guest; his criticisms, like his praises, were, he could not conceal from himself, a mixture of contempt and irony, as his favorite wine was of resin and lavender. On examining this brilliant young man, whose great airs and insolence announced the habit of authority and frequenting courts; whose travelling costume, simple as it was in appearance, would have been for him a gala habit; whose fresh countenance was so well set off by his collar of fine linen, and his beard of velvet fastened with gold agraffs; whose form was so elegantly delineated beneath his jacket of the same stuff, and his rich girdle with gilt studs, the squire could not help feeling a sentiment of jealousy, and almost of hatred. He was therefore preparing to dismiss him as politely but as quickly as possible, when a word from the latter suddenly changed those evil designs, which besides were foreign to his nature.

"I maintain that this wine could be improved," said his guest, continuing his comments; "that of Beauvais is no better. Pardon me—it is even inferior in color and taste—that is what I mean. Nevertheless, with a mixture of myrrh and aloes, one might make nectar of it; the beer itself, slightly spiced, is equal to mead, and Maître Thibaud de Marly will taste it with pleasure on our return from the chase."

"Do you know this Sieur Thibaud?" exclaimed Bernard; "the son of our Baron Bouchard de Montmorency?"

He would like to have added—the brother of Jeanne—which was worth more than any other title in his eyes, but he restrained himself.

"Do I know Thibaud? He came last year to pass time in my domain, to hunt the partridge, and to hunt; and he left me carrying off a good sum which he had gained at play. Do I know him? He is my most intimate friend."

"He is also mine."

"Indeed! To his health then!"

This time the glasses came in collision and were immediately emptied, without grimaces on the one side, or angry thoughts on the other. The name of Thibaud de Marly had silenced all sentiments of antipathy. The glasses were filled anew; the health of the baron was drunk, then that of the baronesse, and each of their children. The name of Jeanne alone was not pronounced amid the numerous libations.

A little warmed by the wine, though it was not flavored with aloes nor resin, Guillaume

Bernard, undoubtedly for the sake of enhancing himself in the eyes of his guest, condescended to him his illustrious origin.

He was the grand nephew of Robert IV., Count of Meulan, whose misfortune were well known at this period. Robert IV. had possessed in France the provincial region called La Pincerais, composed of the domains of Mantec, of Poissy and of Meulan. Normally, which then belonged to England, he was Lord of Jumièges, of St. Wandrille, of Pont Andemear and other places. From this double possession of two rival lands, from this necessity of lending by turns faith and homage to the king of England and the king of France, had resulted the complete ruin of his house. When Robert IV., Count de Meulan, ranged himself beneath the banner of Philip Augustus to protect his lands of Poissy and Mantec, Richard Cœur de Lion, his other suzerain, confiscated his other Normand lands; when this same Robert IV., Lord of Jumièges and Pont Andemear, fought beside Richard, Philip Augustus immediately seized La Pincerais. Royalty about the end of the twelfth century became grasping; it happened that the powerful Count de Meulan, thus confiscated on the right and on the left, died entirely dispossessed, and the last heir of his glorious name was obliged to content himself with being simply a sire of Fontenilles.

When Bernard had finished his narrative, interpersing it with some complaints, Renard de Beauvais said:

"How easy to extricate yourself from this! You must marry some rich widow who will give you her estate to take care of."

"I have no heart for widows," replied Bernard, casting a glance upon the image of the virgin over his mantel-piece, as if the virgin was his confidant and must comprehend him.

"By my knighthood faith, neither have I. I should wish that she whom I spouse might have borne only the name of her father; and, between ourselves, comrade, I may tell you this in confidence; when, in order to do credit to my knighthood, I shall have made war a little for two or three years, either against the shepherds or the Abbigones, I think I am sure in advance who is to be my wife."

"Is she pretty?"

"Courteously and beautiful, graceful and pleasant to behold, as much as it is given to a human creature to be so."

"To her health, then."

And when he had filled the glasses to the brim:

"May one know the name of the lady to whom you are thus betrothed in heart?" resumed Bernard, rising to drink the health.

"It will be discreet?"

"Well, it is Jeanne de Montmorency, the sister of Thibaud; and it is she whom I am now on my way to visit."

And Renard de Beauvais advanced his glass to touch it to that of his host, but encountered nothing; the glass of the latter had just been crushed between his fingers, and the wine was trickling in the dust.

Renard looked at Bernard, who was pale and trembling in all his limbs; he burst into a loud laugh.

"A fine affair!" said he; "a glass broken!" He saw nothing else.

At the same instant the sound of mules and horses was heard on the road. Renard ran thither. It was his pages and valets arriving with his baggage. Returning almost immediately with them, he said:

"Pardon me, my host; but it is not suitable to present one's self before the ladies in a travelling costume; will you permit me to change my garments here? But for your gracious hospitality I should be obliged to avail myself of the shelter of some bush."

His pages took from his coffer a silver ewer and some basins of scented water; he washed his hands and face, performed his beard and hair; clothed himself in a gallant costume of silk and carnation velvet, which had nothing warlike about it but the gorget, the braçerets, the garters and the light helmet with floating-plume.

While this toilet lasted, which must have been so heart-rending for the sire of Fontenilles, if he had had the least idea of his thoughts, what passed between them? How did Renard de Beauvais take leave of his host? It was what Bernard never knew.

Plunged in stupor and lethargy he remained for several hours without stirring; so that his servants, addressing him without obtaining replies and seeing him make no motion, thought he had been changed into stone.

He awoke from this swoon only when the evening twilight had already come. Uttering then a cry of rage, he said:

"Ah, this Renard, this insolent fellow! I knew well at first sight, that I should hate him. But he shall never espouse Jeanne. I will be rich like him, powerful like him. Even should it be necessary for me to assemble a troop and plunder on the public roads, pillage the churches and churches, as so many others have done, until the king has restored me what his father deprived me of my wealth and my title of Count de Meulan, Jeanne shall be mine. I will supply this Renard de Beauvais, even were I to employ sorcery and witchcraft: were I to deliver my soul to the devil!"

At this moment the furniture seemed to be agitated; a strange tremor ran around the walls of the room, and something fell with a sort of plaint, without his being able to divine in which direction or what it could be.

Seeking to ascertain this, he was casting a troubled glance from the half-obscure of the room, when Conste Cuisse, pale and disordered, appeared with a lighted lamp which was shaking in his hand.

"Master," said the attendant in an agitated and stilled voice, "what is happening? I have just seen between heaven and earth, moved by a sudden gust, a large gloomy and livid cloud, whence issued confused cries, blasphemies and a prolonged barking. God save us! These must be something unearthly."

"Silence, old dreamer; your reason is totter-

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